Vol. III. No. 32. Total 136.

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

PRINTED BY DAVID HOGAN, NO. 51, SOUTH THIRD-STREET, NEARLY OPPOSITE THE UNITED STATES' BANK.
Where Subscriptions, Advertisements and Literary Communications, will be Thankfully Received.

Saturday, *August* 6, 1803.

The Village Curate;

OR,

AS YOU LIKE IT.

A TALE.

BY MR. BACON.

"The good, for Virtue's sake, abhor to sin."
CREECH.

AT an age when the human mind is most susceptible of, and too often imbibes, a passion for voluptuous pleasure; ere yet experience her sage precepts had impressed, Lord Belfont inherited a splendid fortune. His levees were crouded with the most fashionable part of the world: the voice of flattery incessantly sung his praise, and bestowed on him every virtue that could ennoble man. His rank in life, and extensive fortune, introduced him into the first families in England; and overtures of marriage were made to him by the parents and guardians of the greatest beauties of the age; but Belfont, though not insensible to the charms of beauty, was not yet become the vassal of their power.

The attention which he invariably received from the whole circle of his acquaintance, it might reasonably be supposed, was very acceptable to the inexperienced Belfont; but, notwithstanding his extreme youth, and ignorance of men and manners, he suspected the sincerity of those encomiums which flattery bestowed on him; and the pliant voice of adulation had made little impression on his mind.

At once to prove the integrity of his professed friends, he carefully spread a report that, by one imprudent step, he had precipitated from prosperity's flowery mount, into the barren vale of poverty. Swift as wild-fire ran the evil tale; and those very doors which, as it were by magic, opened at the approach of the rich and happy Belfont, were now barred against the ruined spendthrift.

To give his distress an air of certainty, he made several applications for assistance to his once vowed eternal friends, which were invariably treated with a mortifying contempt. To the fair rivals of his affections he addressed his tale of sorrow: here, too, neglect was his fate. Belfont, dispossessed of the means to gratify their fondness for dress, amusement, and pleasure, was an object no longer worthy of their regard.

Reflecting on these events, he exclaimed—"How wretched are the children of fortune! The poor man, in his hour of distress, finds a friend; but the rich, when he ceases to be so, is disregarded by those whom his former bounty fed; and who have not charity enough to give to his misfortunes, even the costless sigh of pity!"

In the midst of his contemplations, a servant entered the room, and announced the arrival of Lord Bremere, who returning from a country excursion, had just heard of his friend's misfortunes, and hasted to relieve his necessities. As he approached, Belfont, rising from his chair, ran to meet him. "It is some consolation," said he, "for the disappointments I have experienced, to find the man whom I most valued, not unworthy the esteem I bore him. This," continued he, "more than recompences the ingratitude of those mercenary wretches, who cannot recollect the features of their friend when shaded by the veil of affected distress."

The conclusion of Belfont's address forcibly struck Lord Bremere, who repeated the words—"*affected distress!*"—Adding, with much surprise—"Are, then, your misfortunes bred of the idle tattle of the town?"

"No, my lord," returned Belfont; "not from those contemptible beings, who eagerly busy themselves with every body's affairs, while they neglect their own, and who are only industrious in the propogation of scandal; but from myself arose the tale of my distress. I invented it, merely to prove the sincerity of those protestations of eternal friendship, which, every day, the syren, Flattery, whispered in my ear; and which, to speak the truth, were become most intolerably disgusting. Among my female friends," he continued, "a lady on whom I looked with partial eyes, and who, in fact, had made some faint impression on my heart, had the cruelty to smile at my distress: but I thank her for her contempt; it has broke asunder those chains her beauty had forged to hold my heart in bondage."

And what does your lordship mean to make of this discovery?" enquired Bremere.

"My resolutions, Charles," returned Belfont, "and your ideas, I will venture to say, are of an opposite nature. You, perhaps, imagine that I shall return to the fashionable world, refute the opinion it entertains of my distress, and reproach it for its ingratitude!"

"What else can you possibly propose?" asked Bremere.

"Convinced of your lordship's integrity," replied Belfont, "I shall not hesitate to repose in your breast the secret of my resolves. The sudden death of my uncle," continued he, "has given me an ample fortune; the enjoyment of which, in the vulgar opinion of mankind, ensures the constant possession of happiness. Alas! how mistaken such a notion! It is true, my ex-

ery wish is gratified but one. You smile, Charles, and already anticipate that yet unaccomplished wish.—Yes, my friend, the society of a virtuous female, whose bosom is awake to the soft touches of humanity, and who will not, to the offspring of distress, refuse the tributary sigh of pity, nor from the needy sufferer withhold the sacred boon of charity, is what I am now in search of. In the higher circles of life," added he, "my pursuit has proved abortive; and, assuming the appearance of the rustic cottager, I mean to seek it in humbler scenes!"

It was in vain that Lord Bremere endeavoured to dissuade his friend from his purpose. Belfont remained inflexible to all his entreaties; and, having drawn from his friend an assurance of inviolable secrecy, they parted; Bremere, to the haunts of giddy fashion; Belfont, to prepare for his visit to those of rural felicity.

After a short repast, Belfont, leaving directions with his steward for the management of the family in his absence, retired to rest; and, at an early hour, while the sons of riot and dissipation were returning from their nocturnal revels, he left his splendid mansion, and in the humble garb of a peasant, with a few necessaries tied up in a handkerchief, began his retreat from the metropolis. His name and title were only known in Grosvenor Square: at present, he contented himself with the less dignified appellation of George Trueman; and all traces of Lord Belfont were for a time vanished.

Having continued his walk for near three hours, he found himself somewhat fatigued, when an inn, opportunely presenting itself to view, afforded him an opportunity of resting his weary limbs, and satisfying the cravings of nature, which exercise had rendered more than commonly acute. The obsequious host soon furnished him with an excellent breakfast; which having finished, he mounted the Norwich stage, that had arrived during his repast, and at the close of day, found himself in that city.

Meanwhile, Lord Bremere, mixing with the circle of Belfont's late acquaintance, heard with silent indignation, the illiberal and unjust reflections that were cast on the supposed misconduct of his friend.

The impertinent enquiries with which his ears were assailed, from all who knew him in the habits of friendship with Belfont, were almost too much for his temper to bear with composure; and he was often on the point of violating the promise of secrecy his friend had extorted from him, to vindicate his character from the aspersions of slander.

Seated, one evening, in a box at Drury Lane Theatre, he was seen by Lady Caroline Blandish, from the opposite side of the house; who, *sans ceremonie*, immediately came round to him.—"So, my lord," said she, entering the box, "what is become of your friend Belfont? Have you seen him lately? How does he bear his misfortunes? —I am really sorry for the unfortunate youth!"

"My friend," replied Bremere, "is infinitely obliged to your ladyship for the concern you take in his distress!"

"Why, you know, my lord," returned Lady Caroline, "one can't help being concerned for the distresses of those who were of one's acquaintance. I confess," continued she, "the news of his ruin astonished me prodigiously; and, I assure you, I felt myself extremely hurt at it; for his lordship had paid me much attention, and I began to think I had made a conquest. It is, however," added she, "very fortunate that the affair ended as it did; for, you know, it would have been a shocking thing to have involved one's self in such difficulties."

"True, madam!" replied Bremere, who, by her ladyship's discourse, found she was the person to whom Belfont alluded, as having attracted his particular notice; "but, after all, whatever dimunition the fortune of Lord Belmont has received, be assured, it is still sufficient to support the woman whom he shall honour with his hand, in a stile of elegance that might soothe the most extensive vanity!" And, without waiting her ladyship's reply, bowed, and wished her good-night; disgusted with the affected concern she expressed for his friend's imaginary distress, which was but ill calculated to conceal the spirit of malevolence that rankled in her bosom.

Lady Caroline stood for some minutes after Bremere's departure, in a fixed astonishment: she knew not what construction to put upon his words; but after a short consideration, she concluded what he had said, was only to shelter his friend from the censure of the world, and to enforce the opinion that his affairs were not so desperate as they had been represented. With these ideas, she rejoined her company; and, in discoursing on other topics, Belfont and his misfortunes escaped her memory.

And now, gentle reader, let us banish from our thoughts the giddy Lady Caroline, and attend the steps of Belfont, whom hereafter, if you please, unless it shall be found necessary to use his real name, we will distinguish by that of Trueman. Having spent a few days at Norwich, in examining those objects most worthy the notice of a traveller, he left that city, and continued his excursion, till he found himself, for the first time, on his own estates, in the midst of his tenantry.

Totally unknown to his tenants, and equally so to his steward, he had an opportunity of informing himself of the oppression which the former bore, and the abuse which the latter committed. It was near sun-set when he arrived at a pleasant village, on the borders of the sea, which contained what is there called an inn. Here he took up his quarters. Having deposited his bundle in the room where he was to sleep, he repaired to the kitchen; and, seating himself among the rustics assembled over their evening *gotch of nog*,* joined in their discourse.

The conversation chiefly turned on the transactions of the village; and among a variety of anecdotes detailed by the inhabitants, the recent misfortunes of their worthy curate most attracted the attention of Trueman. The incident dwelt strongly on his mind; and, fatigued as he was by his day's walk, he determined, before he slept, to make himself acquainted with the narrative of a man, of whom his parishioners spoke in such high terms of approbation. When the company retired, he invited the landlord to partake of his beverage; who, being a communicative sort of person, and one who had a considerable share of humanity interwoven in his composition, readily complied with Trueman's request, to relate the misfortunes of the worthy pastor.

"I will tell you, Sir," said he, "the story of Parson Benley. You must know, Sir, that he is the curate of our parish. The living, which is in the gift of my Lord Belfont, belongs to a clergyman who lives in the west; and, though it brings him in good three hundred pounds a-year, he gives his curate only forty pounds out of it. So that, you see, the master gets two hundred and sixty pounds for doing nothing, as one may say; while the servant, who does every thing, is obliged to be contented with scarcely a seventh part of that sum: and though the good woman, his wife, brought him a large family, he could never get any increase of salary. This made him determine on taking a farm, which, by the death of one of his neighbours, became vacant. But, I dont know how it was, though he worked as hard as any day-labourer in the parish, and his wife was as industrious as a bee, they cou'dn't, as the

NOTE.

* The earthen jugs, out of which the people in Norfolk drink, are called *gotches*; and their strong beer is known by the name of *nog*.

saying is, bring both ends together; and, to make short of the matter, my lord's steward seized on his stock, which not being sufficient to pay all arrears, the hard-hearted rascal clapt him into the county goal."

"And his family," asked Trueman, "what are become of them?"

"His wife and four children," returned the landlord, "three fine boys, from ten to thirteen years old, and a daughter grown up, are in a cottage hard by, that belongs to me. The overseer of the parish, who is a crabbed sort of fellow, and a friend of the steward, was for sending them to the workhouse. But, 'No,' says I, 'hold, neighbour Bruin! while my roof can give them shelter, and I can provide them with a meal to eke out the earnings of their own industry'—And you must know, Sir," said he, with a significant nod, "I am pretty warm—'they shall never endure the wants and hardships of a prison! For what,' says I, 'is your workhouse but a dungeon, where the poor eat little, and labour hard?'—"But, Sir," continued the landlord, "not only I, but the whole village was against their going there; and the inhabitants all cheerfully spare a little towards the family's support: nay, even the labouring cottager, out of his hard earnings, throws in his mite!"

"And what," enquired Trueman, "is the amount of the sum for which the unfortunate man is now confined?"

"The whole debt," replied the landlord, "I am told is about three hundred pounds; a sum by much too large for the inhabitants of our parish to raise without injuring themselves; or, depend upon it, he would soon be snatched from the hard gripe of the law."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

The following is a second Letter of EDWIN *to his Sister, which, if communicated through the medium of your literary paper, may perhaps afford some useful hints to the thoughtless fair.* F.

P——— College, July, 1803.

MY DEAR MARIA,

IN compliance with your request, I now with pleasure lay aside my studies, to continue my remarks upon the degrading situation of your sex; and to point out to you the necessity of *education*, as the only means of rescuing their wonted dignity and happiness. To give you a just idea of your nature, your duty as a member of civilized community; and to introduce you to society, not in the haggard form of debased ignorance, but with a mein and air beaming with divinity, will ever be to me an object of the first importance. To find you still alive to wisdom's beauties, and animated with an increased ambition for literary celebrity, argues much in favour of your refined taste and future felicity. The respectable situation which females ought ever to be anxious of occupying in society, and the influence they might have over the conduct and actions of men, and I may add the pleasures they might participate in, the want of mental culture has in a great measure deprived them of. It is true their society is still courted by men—but, alas! it is not to listen to or participate in profound argument, or to be improved by useful inquiries, or charmed by lively flashes of wit, that they resort to their company. No! unfortunately want of proper education has rendered them generally strangers to those noble attributes of the human character; and habit has taught men never to expect it, in which they are seldom agreeably disappointed. Indeed, Maria, were the generality of men questioned as to the inducement which in general leads them to court female society, there are few I believe would be capable of assigning any rational or satisfactory answer, unless resorting to their animal natures, and admitting the triumph of animal appetites over their understandings; principles equally degrading to both sexes, and which are too generally the only inducement to their union. Hence, for the want of those humanizing affections, which are alone the ebulitions of an improved mind, to sustain and cherish those natural desires, the demon of discord enters the paradise of marriage, and poisons with his pestiferous breath every opening joy. Hence also are females viewed as weak and irrational beings, and what remissness alone has made them, is frequently adduced by superficial reasoners as a proof of their natural inferiority of intellect. And as if conscious of their natural imbecility, the book of knowledge by them is kept sacredly clasped; their minds, imprisoned in their own little tenements, are incapable of roving abroad for improvement, and curiosity, rarely excited by thought or information, seldom moves on the stagnate lake of ignorance. Indeed, my dear sister, I blush for my sex, in reflecting how much they have in their power, and the little they do for women. It has ever been the unjust, and I may add, irrational policy of fathers, to adorn the mind of the son, to the almost total neglect of that of the daughter, to whom they believe a few gaudy trappings and superficial accomplishments, are all that are requisite to render her happy and respectable thro' life. But how absurd the idea! It is true a brilliant dress will adorn the person, and superficial accomplishments may excite admiration; but alas! this admiration is the mere *effemera* of the day, which, by intimacy of acquaintance, will quickly subside; and the tinsel veil of vain grandeur, which at first obscured from our view the imbecility of mind, will quickly be withdrawn, and display in its true colours the *contemptible object* that pines beneath its shade. But a cultivated mind is a jewel, (though seldom found in the female world,) whose lustre time will not tarnish, and which intimacy of acquaintance will render still more brilliant.

There are but few, Maria, that have naturally a taste for reading; it requires much care and attention, and sometimes even compulsion to introduce the young mind to its refined pleasures. This care and attention is invariably bestowed upon the son, whilst the daughter is treated as an inferior animal of creation, unworthy the trouble. Thus are young ladies, suffered to grow up the mere children of nature in understanding, and when arrived at years of maturity, when energy of mind is sought for, they are found but little superior in real mental excellence to the infant in the cradle: yet, when arrived at this age, when we would naturally expect them, of themselves, to turn their attention to the cultivation of their minds, (for surely the many instances, in which they must necessarily have experienced their incapacity to participate in the conversation of literary circles, and the many occasions on which they have had cause to blush on account of their imbecility, ought to be a sufficient incentive to rouse their noble pride) so impotent is the sensibility produced by a mere polish of manners, compared with the sensibility of a cultivated understanding, that we find them almost devoid of feeling, and insensible to shame, ever on the wing of pleasure, pursuing amusements degrading to human dignity.

That there are many intelligent females, who are ornaments to society, I am proud to acknowledge; but, like precious metals, they are seldom to be found. To prove this, it is only necessary to frequent the society of young females, and listen to their conversation, which is generally composed of the insignificant and nonsensical trifles of the day, subjects of taste or literature are treated as too masculine to occupy one moment of their precious time. Indeed, those

societies may truly be stiled the Exchange of Trifles, where each member, with a characteristic loquacity, pours forth her budget of all-important nonsense, for the benefit of the general weal. Thus hardened in ignorance, and initiated in dissipation, they run on in their thoughtless career of pleasure, as if formed merely to foster the libertinism of men, or to be their passive and obedient slaves. How few females are there of the present day, who are even tolerably qualified to be the companion of the man of sense; and still fewer that spend a proper portion of their time in qualifying themselves for conjugal felicity. Yet all look forward to the marriage state as the acme of happiness; all expect felicity from this connection, and fondly cherish the idea of gliding down the gentle current of life in bliss and pleasure, without one storm to interrupt their repose. But how irrational, how vain the expectation, to look for happiness in marriage, or any other situation in life, without the least solicitude to prepare themselves for it.

Females, Maria, are too anxious to be called fashionable; and to attain this character, they sacrifice the bewitching simplicity of nature, in aping the fantastical airs and disgusting manners of the ignorant votaries of fashion. But this is a character by no means enviable; for where is there a more despicable being in nature than a woman of fashion? she appears to be rather the workmanship of nature's apprentice, than of nature herself. A woman of fashion is scarcely qualified for any station in life; as a companion she is disgusting, as a wife she is the bane of domestic repose; the only pleasure wealth affords her, is to make an ostentatious display of it. She is fond of her ornaments more because they excite the jealousy of those of her own sex, than from a desire to gain the esteem of the men. Yet these puppets, better qualified for the shew-box than to ornament society, attract crouds of admirers. But the intelligent female will never envy them this honour, when she reflects that the grossest matter always attracts the most flies. Indeed, Maria, human dignity has come to a low ebb, when imbecility and vice is to triumph over understanding and virtue; and warp and mould the manners and customs of society as capricious folly may dictate.

This state of mental imbecility of so large a portion of the female sex, tends probably more than any other circumstance, to retard the progress of knowledge in general. What a fund of wisdom and happiness is lost to society by the mere influence of custom!—Some females, it is true, have risen superior to the prejudices of the times, and astonished the world with their genius; but how few the magnanimous number!—When those pleasures and amusements of the present age, which occupy so much of the time of the females, shall be exchanged for the rational and exquisite pleasures of mental improvement; and when that frivolity of conversation, for which they have been so justly and universally satirized, shall yield to colloquial disquisitions, on subjects of taste and literature in general, then indeed, and not till then, may we hope to arrive to that perfectability in human wisdom and happiness, that will truly realize the *golden age*.

Were females, Maria, to choose their companions, as men of sense distinguish their's, by real merit, what a desirable revolution would take place in society. We should then witness the pleasing sight of those young fops, *(men they cannot be called)* who now spend their precious youth in gallantry, and who view marriage only as a necessary evil to recruit their shattered fortunes, turning their attention to the improvement of their minds, and thereby retrieve their character. With what a laudable ambition would it fire the young breast, was the good opinion of the fair only to be obtained by real merit. Virtue would then triumph over vice, and characterize the age. But, alas! it has now almost become proverbial, that the greater the *fool* and sycophant, the more certain the *success* with the *fair*. It is not the man of intelligence whose company is generally prized by the female sex; but him that is playful as a *spaniel*, fawning as a *courtier*, as full of low anecdote as a *king's fool*, and has as many tricks as a *monkey*, is always sure of a hearty welcome!! *

Your affectionate
EDWIN.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

The Lucubrator, No. 2.

ON LYING.

"Of all the vices, there is none more criminal, more mean, and more ridiculous than *lying*. It generally proceeds from vanity, cowardice, and a revengeful disposition, and sometimes from a mistaken notion of self-defence." CHESTERFIELD.

ALTHOUH lying may be considered as a venial crime, when put in competition with some others; yet still when it is viewed in its *real* colours, and examined *thoroughly*, it is not less "criminal" than others, which at first sight appear more glaringly "ridiculous." The reason is obvious; it is much more prevalent, and consequently looked upon in a more favourable light: for such is the opinion of the misguided world, that whatever is *fashionable*, whether it is criminal, disgusting, or *even infamous*, if it only be followed by the votaries of fashion, it immediately acquires a recommendation, which overpowers every rational consideration.

Lying has many pernicious effects; it has caused the most sincere friends to become the most inveterate enemies; it has proved itself the bane of domestic happiness, in numerous instances; and, in innumerable other ways has it betrayed itself the descendent of its *famous*, or rather *infamous* ancestor, the *great Abaddon*. In fact, language is too feeble to paint this notorious vice in its genuine colours.

Of the many pernicious consequences resulting from lying, some of which end fatally, an instance is exemplified in the following tale, the outlines of which are founded on fact.

PHILEMON and JUSTIN were the most sincere friends. From being intimates at school when children, they had in maturer years cemented a friendship founded on the most solid basis. It was the misfortune of Justin to be bereft of his heart by LAURA; and shortly after he had the pleasure of receiving her's in return. All things appeared to be in a fair train; and it was supposed that Justin would soon have the felicity of hailing Laura as his bride. But an obstacle here presented itself in the person of her brother. Laura's grandmother had willed 10,000 pounds to her if she married, if she remained single, it was to fall to her brother. He, to gain this sum, endeavoured, by the most horrid falsehoods, to sow a jealousy between the lovers, but was for a long time unsuccessful. A letter (forged by the brother) the superscription of which he thought to be Laura's, was brought to Justin by one of his own servants, who had been bribed by her brother to say it had fallen from the pocket of Philemon; the contents of which were:

"DEAR PHILEMON,

"Why have you been so long from your Laura? She has, in your absence, been pestered with the visits of Justin, who presses her to consent to a marriage; which you know is odious to her, as she has sworn that she never will be the bride of any other than Philemon. Haste then, and let me repose in your breast the sorrows of

LAURA.

Justin was thunderstruck; he waited not a moment longer than to take from the wall a pair of pistols, and load them; and then hastened after the innocent, but injured Philemon. He found him reading in the garden; after calling him by the most insulting epithets, he threw him the letter, and one of the pistols; and desired him to defend himself. In vain Philemon protested his innocence, in vain he declared he knew nothing of the letter; Justin was determined to sacrifice or be sacrificed—"Infamous villain! take this weapon, and defend yourself from an injured man, whose life you have rendered miserable; I will hear none of your paltry and cowardly evasions; take it, or I will chastise you for a coward!" Calm as Philemon was, this was more than he could bear; he took the pistol; both fired at the same instant; and each received a mortal wound!

I make no comments; I leave it to my readers to form their conclusions, whether lying is not in its consequences frequently the most destructive of all the vices.

S.

Small Talk,

NO. IX.

———For her own person,
It beggar'd all description;———
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see
The fancy out-work Nature.——

SHAKESPEARE.

SABINA POPPÆA,

Wife to the Roman emperor Nero, was a complete beauty, and no woman took more care to preserve the lustre of her charms than she did, sparing neither cost nor trouble. Besides immense sums lavished in the composition of various paints and washes, she kept *five hundred she-asses*, to be milked every morning, to supply her baths; it being the current opinion that asses' milk was endued with an excellent power of preserving the skin smooth, white, and free from wrinkles,—those grievous attendants on old age.

Poppæa, one day, consulting her mirror, and not being satisfied with her looks, and in fear that her charms were decaying by the fatal effects of time, implored the gods that she might die before she was old. This vain beauty, bantering her husband Nero about his having appeared in character of a gladiator, charioteer, &c. he, in a rage, gave her a kick which killed her. After her death, Nero demonstrated his passion for her by the most extravagant signs. He caused her to be decreed a goddess; and was violently in love with his freed-man Sporus, for no other reason than that Sporus resembled Poppæa in the face, being a very handsome man.

Pliny says there were more spices and aromatic perfumes burnt at her funeral, than all Arabia produced in a year. It is well known that she did not wish to be beautiful for Nero alone; and that emperor's court was crowded with her gallants from almost every nation.

DELINEATION OF A PERSON DESTINED FOR LONG LIFE.

Most persons have a strong desire to dive into futurity, and few prospects can be more exhilirating than that of long life, *with the enjoyment of* good health. *The following delineation of a person whose organization seems destined by nature to resist the pressure of time, and the elemental causes of death, must therefore be highly interesting. It is from the pen of* Dr. HUFELAND. ED.

"HE has a proper and well-proportioned stature, without, however, being too tall. He is rather of the middle size, and somewhat thick-set. His complexion is not too florid; at any rate, too much ruddiness in youth is seldom a sign of longevity. His hair approaches rather to the fair than the black; his skin is strong, but not rough. His head is not too big; he has large veins at the extremities, and his shoulders are rather round than flat. His neck is not too long; his belly does not project; and his hands are large, but not too deeply cleft. His foot is rather thick than long; and his legs are firm and round. He has also a broad arched chest; a strong voice, and the faculty of retaining his breath for a long time without difficulty. In general, there is a complete harmony in all his parts. His senses are good, but not too delicate; his pulse is slow and regular.

"His stomach is excellent, his appetite good, and his digestion easy. The joys of the table are to him of importance; they tune his mind to serenity, and his soul partakes in the pleasure which they communicate. He does not eat merely for the sake of eating; but each meal is an hour of daily festivity; a kind of delight attended with this advantage, in regard to others, that it does not make him poorer, but richer. He eats slowly, and has not too much thirst. Too great thirst is always a sign of rapid self-consumption.

"In general, he is serene, loquacious, active, susceptible of joy, love, and hope; but insensible to the impressions of hatred, anger, and avarice. His passions never become too violent or destructive. If he ever gives way to anger, he experiences rather an useful glow of warmth, an artificial and gentle fever, without an overflowing of the gall. He is fond also of employment, particularly calm meditation and agreeable speculations—is an optimist, a friend to nature and domestic felicity—has no thirst after honours and riches, and banishes all thoughts of to-morrow."

CHIMNEYS UNNECESSARY.

IT is known, that wood on being burnt yields one-sixth of its weight of coal, and five-sixths of smoke, containing a considerable proportion of inflammable air, which is commonly wasted without use. For employing it to the purpose of heating and illuminating the room at the same time, an apparatus has been discovered by Citizen LEBON, engineer of bridges and roads, which he calls *Thermolamp*, consisting of a box or vessel, in which the double advantage of heating and illuminating is united. The smoke rising out of it, freed from all vapours and soot, may be conducted thro' the smallest tubes, which may easily be concealed in the plaster of the walls or ceiling. They may be made of oiled silk, but the orifice must consist of metal, to prevent the burning of the silk, when the air takes fire at the contact with the atmospherical air. By this apparatus chimneys become quite needless, as the flame may be conducted in a moment from one apartment to another, without leaving either soot, ashes, or coals. The fire thus produced, wants no particular care to be kept up, and has besides the advantage that its pure light may be formed into flowers, festoons, &c. or it may be made to emit its light from above in the purest brightness.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

TO LAWYER B*******S.

IT is really surprising, Sir, that you, professing to be a *lawyer*, should not be capable of even *endeavouring* to controvert (as you say) the assertions of a *boy*. The ingenuous and candid manner in which this is acknowledged, induces me to think that you are not yet what you stile yourself—a LAWYER; but merely some stripling, who is not sufficiently versed in the equivocations, evasions, and absolute denials of truth, so common to that class of men; tho' methinks I can discover some glimpse in your production, which evidences a desire to tread in the same track. For instance—finding the truth of my assertions beyond contradiction, you will "content yourself with considering who could have been the author of such a piece." Believe me, when I say it is a pity, that after so

much *consideration*, you should conclude it was some *silly boy*. Perhaps this conclusion does not afford contentment enough; I will therefore endeavour to write something from which, *tibi si placet*, you may derive much more.

After having racked your brains to find out 'who could have written such a piece,' you suppose it was neither a *Gentleman*, a *Merchant*, a *Divine*, a *Physician*, nor a *Farmer*. As there are some propositions in the reasons given for those suppositions, which it may not be improper to notice, and which may tend to confirm what I have advanced in my other piece, I shall make a few observations on each, according to the order in which they are disposed.

1. 'It could not have been a *Gentleman*, because such sentiments are only sported by the vulgar, and are alone adapted to please them.' Know, Sir, that though they may not be the sentiments of a fop or a knave, they are those of every upright and honest man. Do not flatter yourself the public will be persuaded that gentlemen do not entertain an unfavourable opinion of the lawyers, from barely an assertion. The wily practices of the Advocate are too well known to leave any hopes of imposing such a belief. If you had any penetration, the *flourishing* signature of 'Lawyer B*******s' would not have appeared in the Repository on the present occasion: policy ought to have directed you to remain quiet, and not give a further opportunity for exposing the gentlemen of the bar: however, this is excusable—you are not yet an adept in the *honourable* profession of denying, equivocating, &c. &c. otherwise, I would have been astonished to see you act so directly contrary to your own interest.

2. 'It could not have been a *Merchant*, for he would not degrade himself by saying any thing false or malicious against the *honourable* profession.' Here again you appear desirous of *denying* the truth, by saying my assertions are *malicious* and *false*; but permit me to tell you, that unless some reason can be given to shew they are such, it is of no avail to say so. Persuasion and proof are two necessary qualities to produce belief, without which any saying makes no impression on the mind; hence we may infer that your's have made none, and consequently they are vague and unfounded.

3. 'It could not have been a *Divine*, for he places too much confidence in the laws, and of course the lawyers, (who are the only true expounders of the law,') &c. This is the very point contested—'the only *true* expounders of the law.' By referring to my piece, it will be found, that I said they *ought* to be the most *honourable*, as they are the most *necessary* persons in a country. Devoting a great portion of their time to the study of law, they acquire a competent knowledge thereof to explain it. This is not what I contend—I say they do not expound it *truly*, and were it necessary, I might adduce many instances to corroborate this, but I believe it is generally known, that they do not construe the law *fairly*, except when a just construction serves their purpose. Observe two lawyers at court controverting—both *expound* the law in favour of their respective clients—each avers and declares his cause is a just one—can we conclude but that one of them must be in the wrong? How dare you then, Sir, assert that they are the *only true* expounders of the law?

4. 'It could not have been a *Physician*, &c. for is not the lawyer continually in his power? And would it not be praise-worthy to put an end to the existence of those beings, who are the bane of society?' There could not have been a more plain avowal of your sentiments than this. If all the lawyers think it *praise-worthy* to put a period to the existence of any person, even the vilest miscreant, I am certain they will much less hesitate to *pick a man's pocket*. But if it be so glorious to exterminate 'those who are the bane of society,' why do the lawyers plead and strain every nerve at the bar, to clear a criminal of theft, forgery, murder, and other crimes, which render them baneful to society?

5. 'It could not have been a *Farmer*, since all his transactions are open and honourable, and therefore never come under the finger of the lawyer.' For what else did I contend, but that the lawyers undertook only *dishonourable transactions?* which is so justly owned by yourself, when you say the *open* and *honourable* transactions of the farmer never come under the *finger* of the lawyer. In this you have spoken *truth*, for the farmer trembles at the name of a lawyer; he knows if he must apply to an attorney, he must also launch out his money, which is earned by 'the sweat of his brow.' You certainly, Sir, cannot be any thing but a *pettifogger*, for I never in all my life knew a lawyer who acknowledged so candidly as you have, that his *transactions* were *dishonourable*, and that none but such came under his notice: however, I must differ with you in this respect, for there are aggrieved persons, who apply to the lawyers in order that through them they may obtain redress; but perhaps this is not your meaning; you meant, I presume, that whenever a cause is put into their hands, certain disgrace awaits both it and themselves, so that every case adds to their infamy.

Lastly. You conclude with saying—'I suppose it to be none other but some *silly boy*;' I do not doubt you wish the public to make the same supposition; but if this is what you desire so earnestly, I am certain it will be *vice versa*; for if we were to judge from your production, (other than which we have nothing) the many frivolous assertions and contradictions therein, the conclusion must be, that the author is (as I have said before) some *stripling*; for let any person view your's and my production with the eye of candour, and then pronounce whose is most like that of a *silly boy*.

JUSTITIA.

Moral Essays.

NO. VII.

[CONTINUED.]

ON SENSIBILITY.

BY MISS BOWDLER.

IT is in the power of every one to secure to himself a Happiness of which nothing in this world can deprive him;—a Hope, which is not liable to disappointment;—a Friend, who never will forsake him, and who will be always willing and able to assist him.

Those who are placed in a happy situation in this world, if at the same time they can rejoice in such thoughts as these, may enjoy the good which they possess. Every blessing bestowed upon them will fill their hearts with love and gratitude to him from whom it comes; and these sentiments will add new relish to every pleasure, and make them become real and lasting advantages, means to promote their eternal felicity, not hindrances to stop them in their way, as, by the perverse use of them, they too often are.

Prompted by the same love and gratitude, they will indeed rejoice in giving the best proof of them, by an earnest endeavour to do good to others; and in this aim they cannot be disappointed, though they should prove unsuccessful; for the honest endeavour they may be certain will be accepted.

The fear of losing the blessings they possess, will not deprive them of the pleasure of enjoying them; for they remember in whose hands they are; they know they shall enjoy them as long as is really best for them; and that if all else were taken from them, they are secure of an unfailing resource, an Almighty Comforter.

They consider their best enjoyments as independent on this world; the pleasures of friendship and benevolence, though here allayed by disappointment, and interrupted by death, they hope will be renewed hereafter, and enjoyed, pure and unmixed, thro' eternity.

The love and gratitude they feel, the delight they take in every means of expressing them, will constitute a part of their happiness hereafter.

The heavenly contemplations which exalt their minds, and make them feel that they were formed for higher enjoyments than this world affords, will raise their hopes to that state where alone they can find objects suited to them.

And thus every blessing bestowed upon them, will be so received, that it will be truly enjoyed here, and will prove a source of real and lasting happiness: and the present good will neither be allayed by anxiety, nor succeeded by weariness and disgust. While it remains, it will be enjoyed to the utmost; and when it is taken away, it will not be immoderately regretted, since that to which it owed its greatest relish will still remain, and prove a source of happiness in the days of affliction and disappointment, as well as in those of prosperity and success.

It is very certain, that there are few, if any, either amongst the afflicted, or amongst the happy, who enjoy to the utmost all the blessings which are bestowed upon them. Those who take a view of their own situation in life, with a sincere desire to make the best of it, will probably find much more happiness within their power, than in the moments of uneasiness and discontent they are apt to imagine. This observation is generally true, even of the greatest sufferers.

But let us suppose that this were not the case, for it must be allowed to be possible that all earthly comforts may be taken away:—A person who has long been struggling against the severest afflictions of body and of mind, may have met with nothing but disappointments; and in the midst of all, he may not find a friend to assist and support him, or to bestow that tender soothing consolation, which can almost convert afflictions into pleasures; or, what is still more painful, the friend from whom he expected this may change, and embitter those sufferings he should alleviate; the endeavours to do good which benevolence inspires, may prove unsuccessful; in a word, all in this world may fail.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

MORAL PHENOMENA.

"There are persons who love to do every good but that which their immediate duty requires. There are servants who will serve every one more cheerfully than their masters. There are men who will distribute money to all except their creditors. And there are wives who will love any man better than their husbands. *Duty* is a familiar word, which has little effect upon an ordinary mind; and as ordinary minds are in a vast majority, we have acts of generosity, valour, self-denial, and bounty, when smaller pains would constitute greater virtues."—*Mrs. Inchbald.*

PHILADELPHIA,
AUGUST 6, 1803.

INTELLIGENCE.

INTERMENTS

In the Burial Grounds of the City and Liberties of Philadelphia, in the month of July last.

Adults	78
Children	127
Total	205

The Number of Deaths in the present year contrasted with the Deaths which occurred in the same months of 1802.

	1802.			1803.		
	Adul.	*Chil.*	*Tot.*	*Adul.*	*Chil.*	*Tot*
January,	142	75	217	68	42	110
February,	110	60	170	76	35	111
March,	100	47	147	66	41	107
April,	90	58	148	75	41	116
May,	82	59	141	69	41	110
June,	96	67	163	78	64	142
July,	129	132	261	78	127	205
Totals	749	498	1247	510	391	901

Deaths in New-York, from the 23d to the 30th ult. inclusive.—Total 48.

Interments in the Burying grounds of the city and precincts of Baltimore, during the week, ending the 3d inst.

Adults	6
Children	30
Drowned	8
Total	44

A Drowned man was picked up on the 3d inst. in the river Delaware, about a mile below the fort. He had on a red flannel shirt, canvass trowsers, and a blue round about jacket. He appears to have been drowned about three weeks. [*Relf's Gaz.*

THE United States sloop of war, SYREN, under the direction of Captain Charles Stewart, was completely coppered to the bends in ten hours, on Saturday last.

The SYREN, we understand, will be launched this afternoon, at 4 o'clock, from Mr. Hutton's ship-yard, Southwark.

ON Tuesday last, a large Shark was seen as high up the Delaware, as the mouth of Christiana creek.

The Bite of a Snake cured by Volatile Alkali.

FROM various experiments lately made by Dr. Ramsey, of Charleston, Volatile Alkali is found to be the most decisive cure for the bite of a snake. He recommends to planters "to have always at hand, six or eight ounces of the strongest SPIRITS of HARTSHORN, *well secured;* and in case of a person being bitten by a snake, to give him sixty drops thereof, in water, every six or eight minutes, till his pains begin to abate, and then to lengthen the interval between the doses in proportion to the abatement of the pain. The wounded part should also be frequently washed with the same medicine. The spirits of hartshorn is particularly designated, because the planters are acquainted, and generally provided with this medicine, and can command it in all seasons and places: tho' it is inferior in strength, and slower in its effects than Caustic Volatile Alkali, yet experience has proven that it is sufficiently strong to effect a speedy and complete cure. Oil should not be given before or during the exhibition of the hartshorn, for it would weaken its effects, or combine with it, and make soap."

Dr. Ramsey further observes—"As the Hydrophobia following the bite of a mad dog, has resisted all the remedies hitherto used for its cure, it is submitted to physicians, whether on principles of analogy, it would not be well to try the effects of Volatile Alkali, rather than resign a patient to his fate, or repeat the medicines which on frequent trial have always been found unavailing? A doubtful remedy is better than none. He who does not all in his power to save a life, especially one committed to his care, is guilty of a species of murder."

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 25th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Rattoon, Mr *David Olden*, formerly of this city, to Miss *Susan Levy*, of Baltimore.

———, on the 27th ult. at the seat of Mr. David Mahon, near Shippensburg, by the Rev. Francis Huron, *John Heap*, esq. to Mrs. *Jane Wilson*, relict of the Rev. Samuel Wilson, deceased, late of New Villa.

———, on the 2d inst. by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. *Richard Heacock*, to Miss *Jane Griffith*, both of Bucks County.

Deaths.

DIED, on the 24th ult. while on a visit to Newburyport, *Matthew Thornton*, esq. of Merrimac, Massachusetts, aged 89 years. He was a member of the first Congress, and for many years a judge of the Supreme Judicial Court of that State.

——, on the 27th ult. after a severe illness, aged about 25 years, Mr. *William Cox*, eldest son of Major James Cox, of Monmouth, New Jersey.

——, at Rose-Hill, near Trenton, on the 27th ult. Mrs. *Juliet Eyre*, wife of Mr. Manuel Eyre, jun. of this city, aged 16 years 9 months and 2 days.

——, at Boston, on the 30th ult. Mrs. *Ann Baker*, the Governess of the Boston Female Asylum, aged 56.

——, at New-York, on the 30th ult. in the 23d year of her age, Mrs. *Ann Belden*, wife of Mr. E. Belden, printer of the Commercial Advertiser.

——, on the 31st ult. after a short illness of 8 days, Mr. *George Dalomann*, in the 20th year of his age. He was a native of Nienburg, in the Hanoverian dominions, and a resident in this place for about 3 years.

——, on the 31st ult. after a short illness, Mr. *William Jolly*, of this city, merchant.

——, at New York, on the 1st inst. Mr. *George Ogden*, of that city. Mr. Ogden died after a very short illness, of the yellow fever, which he caught in attending to the delivery of some coffee, from on board the schooner New-York, recently arrived from Cape Francois.

——, near Norwich, England, *Bartlet Gurney*, esq. one of the people called Quakers; well known and much respected in the United States. He has left behind him a princely fortune, which during his life he enjoyed with taste and hospitality.

——, at Florence, (Italy) May 27th. Louis I. king of Eutruria,—to which he was elevated by Buonaparte, in 1801.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. D. is informed, that the extempore sermon on *Malt* was, some years back, published in most of the almanacs and newspapers of the city.

We cannot agree with the correspondent who addresses the Lucubrator, "that swearing is constantly made use of by the ladies," and will not give currency to such insinuations.—For a similar reason *Infan's* list *Advice to Belles* is not received.

Equitas in reply to Justitia's first piece, has been, thro' mistake, neglected this week.

A Father's remarks on Edwin's first letter in our next.

The Enigmatical list of celebrated characters should have been accompanied with the solutions.

Auscultator, and some other communications shall be noticed hereafter.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

HAIL coming Night! thy melancholy gloom,
With my sad fate, alas! too well accords,
(For me in vain the gaudy flow'rets bloom,
And Nature all her choicest gifts affords:)
Come, with'd-for Night! once more assume thy sway;
For when I in old Morpheus' arms am prest,
Then flatt'ring *dreams of her who's far away,*
Delusive, soothe my troubled mind to rest.

Then I, as sitting by the charming fair,
Or as a suppliant kneeling at her feet,
Pour forth my vows, (yet wonder how I dare)
Which she oft deigns with cheering smiles to greet:
And then, grown bolder by degrees, I kiss
The ruby *lips of her who's far away;*
And then, enraptur'd with the fancied bliss,
That it may prove no dream, I, fearing, pray.

Such pleasures oft my slumb'ring thoughts employ,
When Fancy gives what cruel Absence takes;
But still they're dreams, and yield delus'ry joy,
Which quickly flies when rosy morn awakes:
Yet—when retiring Sol gives way to Night,
I wish to *dream of her who's far away;*
And when fair Luna flies the solar light,
Fancy shall draw her charming form all day.

A gladsome Omen* I will think my dream
Of coming bliss, which fast is drawing near,
Of joy-inspiring Hope the certain gleam,
Which shall dispel the chilling mists of Fear—
Swift fly ye hours, and speed the happy day,
When—she once more return'd—may wakeful I
Kiss the real *lips of her who's far away,*
And see Love beaming in her modest eye.

SELWYN.

NOTE.

* *It will be very ill-natured if some* "Cadwallader Crabtree" *or other, with impertinent officiousness, destroys this first* air-castle *I have built, by telling me,* "'Phsaw—Dreams go by contraries, as I have often heard my grand mother say." SELWYN.

ELEGY.

Louiza was the seventh child of D. and M. E——; she was born on the banks of the river Schuylkill, Sept. 25th, in that very memorable year of pestilential mortality, 1793; and died of a vomiting and lax, June 23d 1801, aged 2 years, 8 months and 28 days. Her father dedicates the following lines to her memory.

IN yonder field, where late so wild
The nettle and the hawthorn grew,
In peace is laid as blest a child
As hapless parent ever knew.

Born in affliction's gloomy night,
Midst keen distress—on Common bare;
She grew, her mother's fond delight,
And was her father's chiefest care.

As springs the flower beneath the sun,
So sprang the babe—who passing fair,
Oft to its mother's knees would run,
And oft would lisp—"O mammy dear."

"O mammy dear!" one night she cried,
"Poor father's babe is very bad!"—
She sicken'd, droop'd—and soon she died,
And left her mammy weeping sad.

Alas! sweet babe, what piercing pangs
Shot thro' thy parents' souls when (Death
Thee grasping in his iron fangs,)
They saw thee gasp thy parting breath.

Thine eyes, (sad mem'ry doth retain,
What time thy power to lisp was gone)
Still on thy parents would remain,
'Till sight, and life, and all was gone.

Yet shall thy bosom never feel
Those pangs which now thy parents know;
Thy glass is run, and fix'd the seal—
Thine eyes are clos'd on all below.

Ah! sweet Louiza—loveliest child,
Thy father's pride, thy mother's joy;
Oft has thy prattling tongue beguil'd
The hours which care would fain annoy.

What tho' no funeral pomps I gave,
When in the earth thy dust was laid—
Or sculptur'd marble deck thy grave...
Thy form is in my breast display'd.

Oft has the moralizing sage,
The longest life view'd as a span;
But here a life in its non-age,
Was snatch'd e'er it had scarce began.

Sweet babe! torn from the joys of life,
Thy mother's arms—thy father's smiles;
And from a world of envious strife,
And from temptation's luring wiles.

O thou ALMIGHTY POWER supreme!
Whom earth and seas, and heav'n obey,
Thou gav'st, and sacred be thy name—
The right was thine *to take away.*

D. E.

ENIGMA.

DEEP in a cavern, closely I'm confin'd,
And unto cruel torment's am resign'd:
Within my parents womb I lie conceal'd;
Till death and ruin are with me reveal'd.
When whirlwinds roar, and dreadful storms appear,
Sulphur and smoke eclipse the atmosphere;
Dark clouds and vapours turn the day to night,
And hide both SOL and CYNTHIA from the sight:
These awful tokens, dire events presage;
When bursting forth with an impetuous rage,
I lay great cities level with the ground,
And scatter death and ruin all around.
In floods of fire, my coming I proclaim;
And pow'rful nations, tremble at my name. R.

TRANSLATION

Of the Epigram which appeared in the Repository, page 230.

THRICE in my life did I engage,
In youth, in manhood, and in age,
" *For better, or for worse:*"
The first, I seiz'd with Cupid's hook;
My second, I for riches took;
The third, to be my nurse.

N. B. The above is, perhaps, as literal and as just a translation of the epigram as can be given. I met with it in my reading some years ago, and am sorry that I cannot do justice to its author by giving you his name. I wrote it out merely for the play upon these words, *opus, opes, opem;* and do not now remember from what publication I made the extract.

X.

TO BELLES.

TO hide your *arms*, or *bosoms fair*,
Is not so great surprize;
As that with locks of curling hair,
You even hide your *eyes*.

Th' expression of the countenance,
In them entirely lies;
And yet with flowing locks of hair,
You hide your *charming eyes*.

And can you think, that curling hair,
With them in beauty vies?
Ah no! it only serves to hide,
The *splendor* of your *eyes*.

Just as the Sun, "shorn of his beams,"
Looks gloomy at the rise:
So thro' the intervening hair,
Appear your *shining eyes*.

As hidden treasure; or as gold,
Deep in the mine that lies;
As diamonds in the miser's chest;
So are your *hidden eyes*.

Your beaux and lovers all declare,
There's nothing that they prize,
More than an unobscur'd survey
Of your *expressive eyes*.

Then why—(when all the gentlemen
This horrid mode despise;)
Why will you hide with locks of hair,
The *beauty* of your *eyes?*

* M *

*** *Subscriptions for this Paper received at the Office, No. 51, South Third-street, price 6¼ Cents each number, payable every four weeks, or 3 Dollars a year to those who pay in advance—Subscribers at a distance either to pay in advance, or procure some responsible person in the city to become answerable for the money, as it becomes due.*